

Fals. I would it were bed-time, *Hell*, and all wel,

Prin. Why? thou owest God a death.

Fals. 'Tis not due yet, I would be loth to pay him before his day: what need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honour pricks me on: yea but how if Honour prick me off when I come on? how then can Honour set to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the griefe of a wound? no, Honour hath no skill in Surgerie then, no: What is Honour? a Word: what is that word Honour? Aire: a trimme reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wednesday? Doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: 'tis insensible then? yea, to the dead; but will it not liue with the liuing? no: why? detraction will not suffer it, therefore Ile none of it; Honour is a meere Skutchion; and so ends my Catechisme. *Exit.*

Enter Worcester, and Sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew must not know; *Sir Richard,*
The liberall kind offer of the King,

Vrc. 'Twere best hee did.

Wor. Then are we all vndone,
It is not possible, it cannot bee,
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,
Hee will suspect vs still, and find a time,
To punish this offence in others faults:
Supposition, all our liues, shall be stucke full of eyes,
For Treason is but trusted like the Foxe,
Who neuer so tame, so cherisht, and lockt vp,
Will haue wilde trickes of his ancesters:
Looke how he can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our lookes,
And wee shal feed like Oxen at stall,
The better cherisht, still the neerer death.
My Nephews trespassse may bee wel forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heate of blood,
And an adopted name of Priuiledge.
A haire-braind *Hotspur*, governd by a spleene,
All his offences liue vpon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tace from vs,

We

HENRY THE FOURTH

We as the spring of all, shall pay for

Therefore good Cousin, let not *Har*

In any case, the offer of the King.

Ver. Deliuer what you will, Ile say

Hot. My Vncle is returnd,

Deliuer vp my Lord of *Westmerland*

Vncle, what newes?

Wor. The King will bid you batt

Dow. Defie him by the Lord of *W*

Hot. Lord *Dowglas*, goe you and

Dow. Mary and shall very willin

Wor. There is no seeming mercy i

Hot. Did you beg any? God for

Wor. I told him gently of your

Of his Oath-breaking: which he m

By now forswearing that, he is for

He calls vs Rebels, Traytors, and w

With haughty armes, this hatefull

Dow. Arme, Gentlemen, to armes

A bratie defiance in King *Henries* te

And *Westmerland* that was ingag'd

Which cannot chuse but bring him

Wor. The *Prince* of *Wales* slept f

And, Nephew, challeng'd you to si

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay vp

And that no man might draw shor

But I and *Harry Monmouth*: tell

How shewd his talking? seem'd i

Ver. No, by my soule, I neuer in

Did heare a Challenge vrg'd more

Valesse a Brother should a Brother

To gentle exercise and prooffe of

He gaue you all the duties of a ma

Trimd vp your praises with a pri

Spoke your desertings like a Chr

Making you euer better then his p

By still dispraising praise, valued w

And which became him like a Pr